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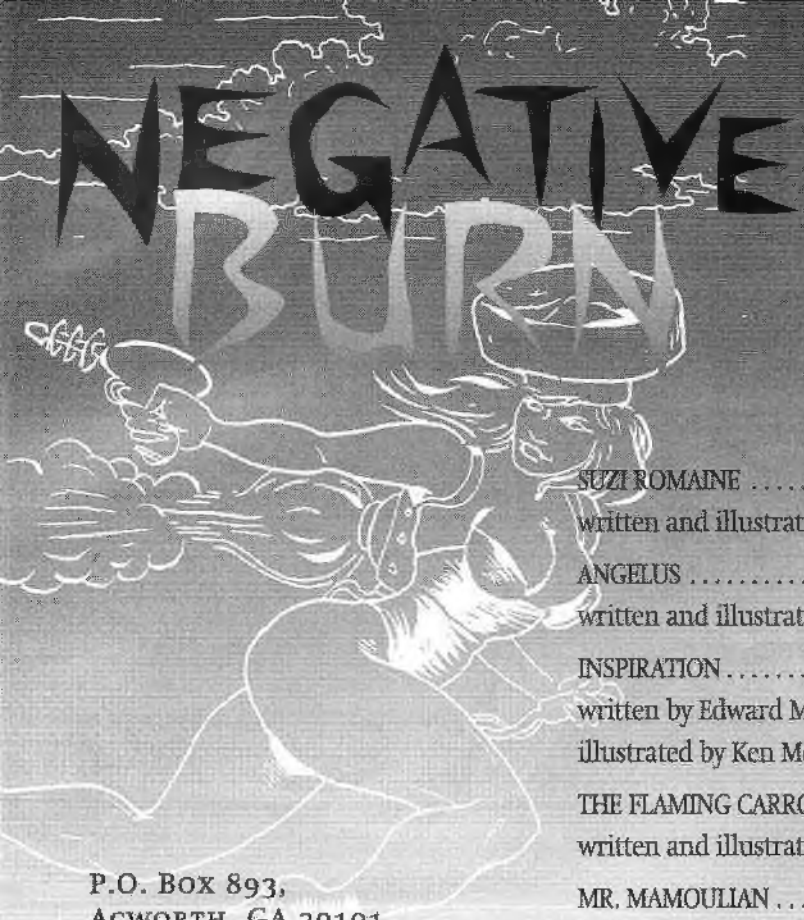
NEGATIVE
BURN
HAINES
BOB BURDEN • ALAN MOORE • TED SLAMP • LURENE HAINES • BRIAN BOLLAND • GUY BURWELL



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International Product

Joe Pruett - Editor

Volume One
Number Nineteen

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Cover Art of ANGELUS by Lurene Haines

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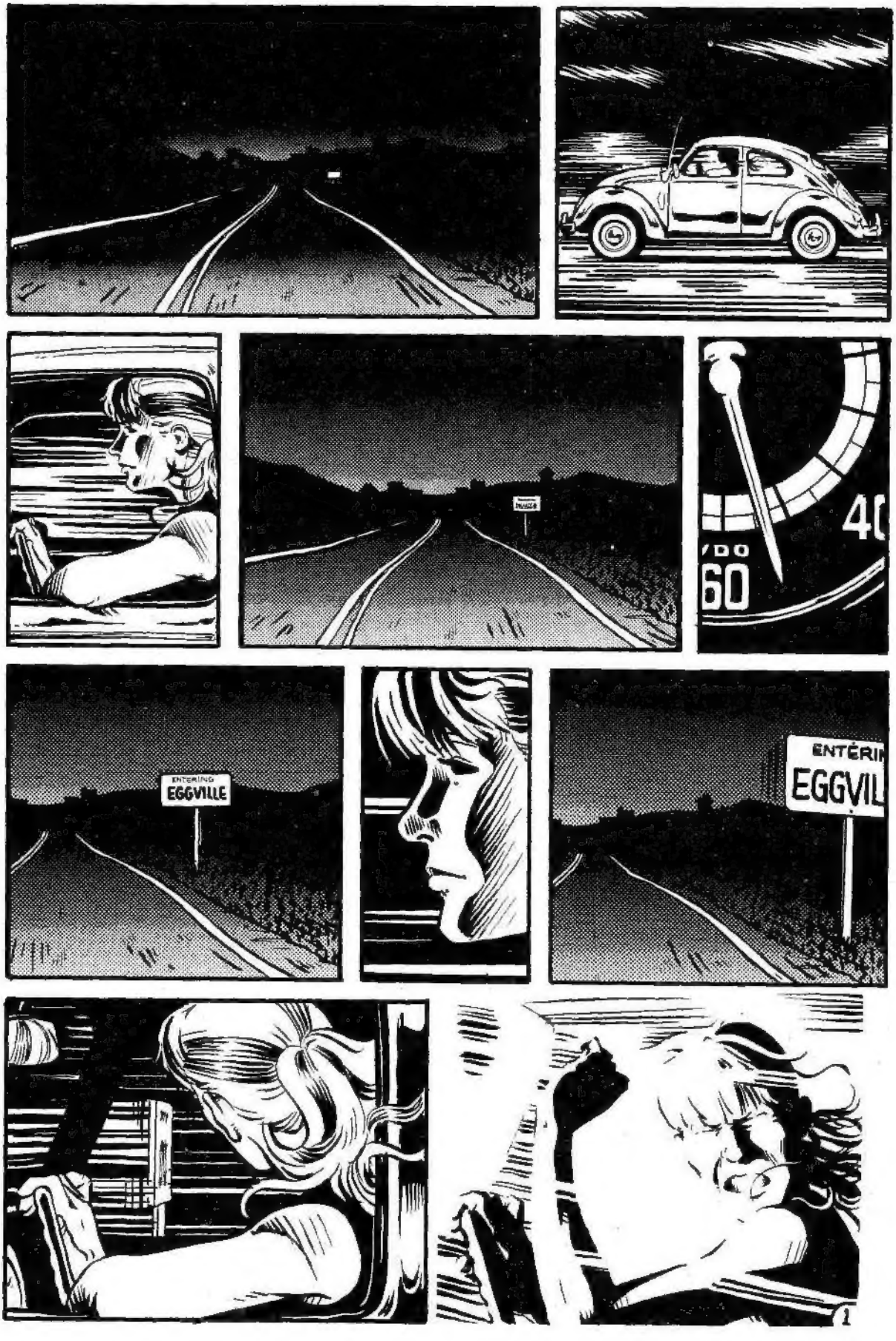
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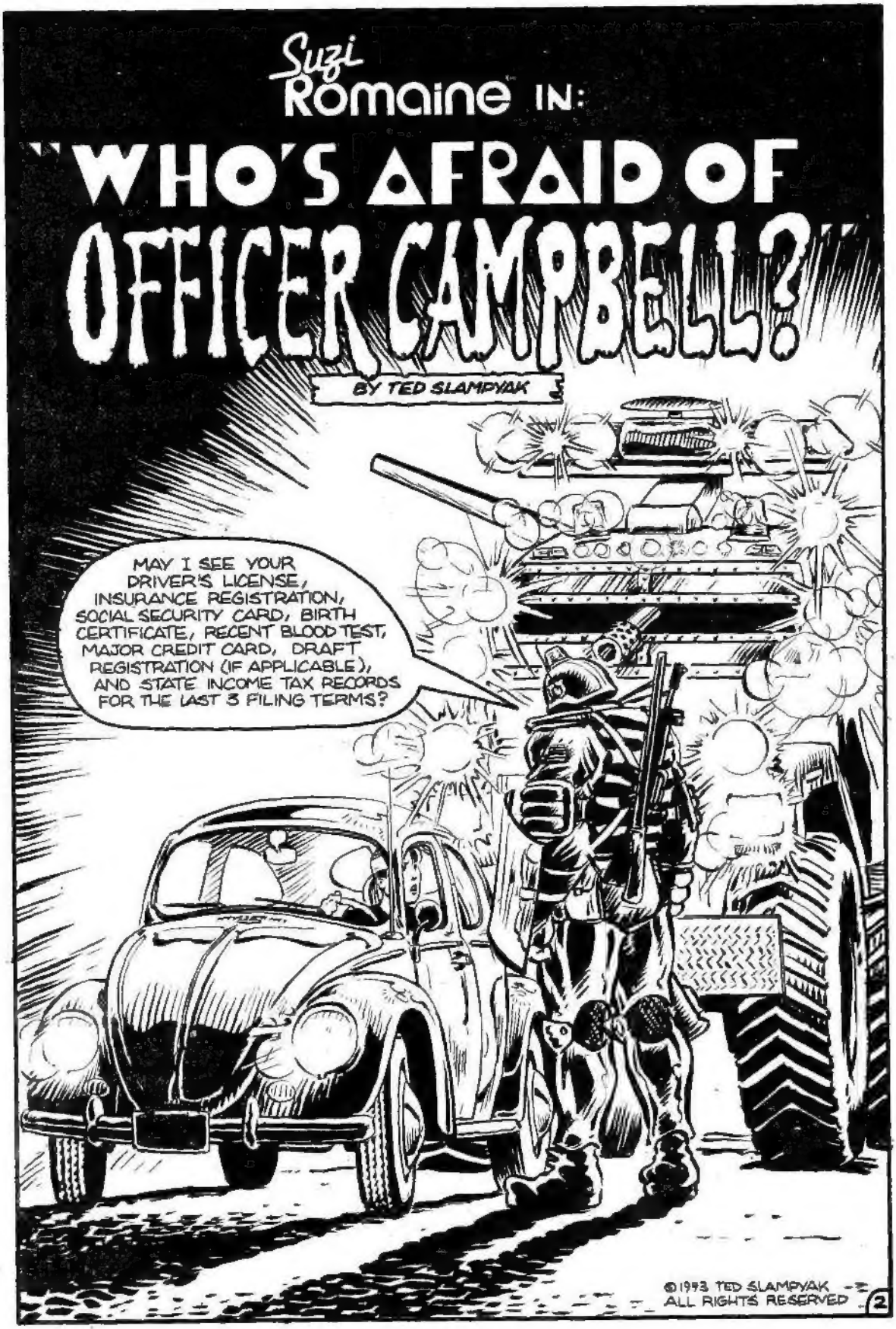
Suzi Romaine IN:
"WHO'S AFRAID OF OFFICER CAMPBELL?"
BY TED SLAMPYAK
MAY I SEE YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE, INSURANCE REGISTRATION, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD, BIRTH CERTIFICATE, RECENT BLOOD TEST, MAJOR CREDIT CARD, DRAFT REGISTRATION (IF APPLICABLE), AND STATE INCOME TAX RECORDS FOR THE LAST 3 FILING TERMS?
©1993 TED SLAMPYAK
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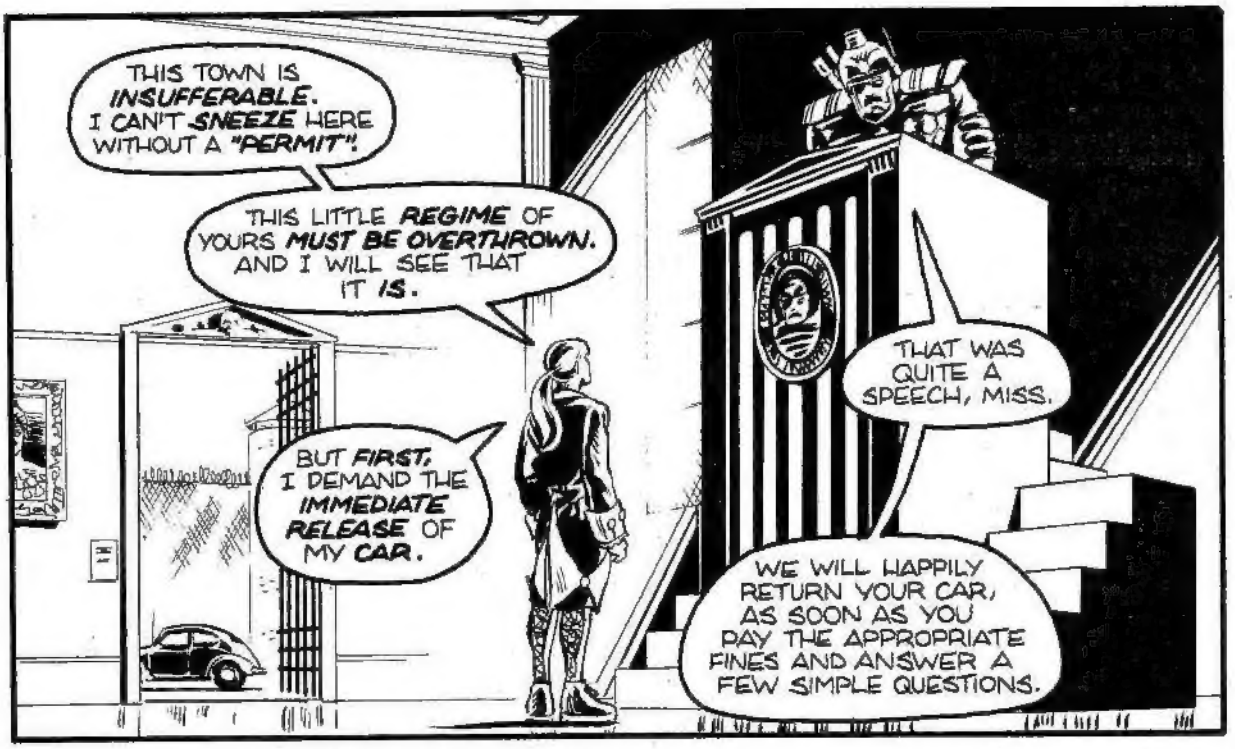
2

OH, I DON'T HAVE ANY OF THAT! I'M A FREE CITIZEN!
I SEE.
CAMPBE
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE IN EGGVILLE? JUST PASSING THROUGH?
NOT THAT IT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS, BUT I'M LOOKING TO BUY LAND AND BUILD A NEW RESTAURANT HERE.
HM.
SINCE YOU HAVE NO IDENTIFICATION AND COULD BE A CONVICTED FELON, I'LL HAVE TO IMPOUND YOUR VEHICLE UNTIL YOUR DEPARTURE FROM EGGVILLE.
IMPOUND MY '49?
Ha!
I DON'T THINK SO.
VROOM
I THINK SO.
MUMBLE
GRUMBLE
GRUMBLE...
3

GOOD MORNING!
ARE YOU CHARLES JACOB, THE GUY WHO OWNS THAT VACANT LOT NEXT TO THE FILLING STATION?
YUP.
I WANT TO BUY IT FROM YOU.
GEE, I DON'T KNOW... I'D HAVE TO GET A SALES PERMIT FROM OFFICER CAMPBELL, THEN YOU'D NEED A BUYER'S CERTIFICATE-
...THEN WE'D HAVE TO WAIT FOR CAMPBELL'S LAND USE AND FAIR PRICE ANALYSIS COMMITTEES TO APPROVE THE TERMS...
REGISTER
TODAY!
HOMINAJINKUQUILA!
THIS IS YOUR PROPERTY, NOT CAMPBELL'S!
WE NEED OFFICER CAMPBELL'S PROTECTION! HE OVERSEES EVERY-THING THAT GOES ON IN EGGVILLE! LUCKY FOR US, HE PUT HIS CONTROLS IN EFFECT JUST BEFORE THIS BIG DEPRESSION HIT THE TOWN!
LOOK--
SUPPOSE I TOOK CARE OF ALL THAT. DO YOU WANT TO SELL THE LOT?
SURE.
GREAT!
ONLY HALF A CUP?
HOKE, I LIKE YOUR COFFEE!
YOU REMEMBER CAMPBELL SAID YOU GOTTA CUT DOWN! BESIDES--
--YOU'VE ALMOST USED UP YOUR BATH-ROOM PRIVILEGE FOR THE DAY.
AAAAAAAA!
4

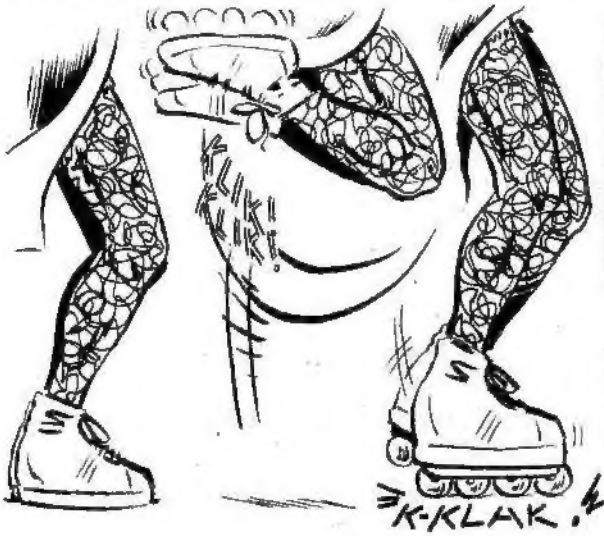

THIS TOWN IS INSUFFERABLE. I CAN'T SNEEZE HERE WITHOUT A "PERMIT"!
THIS LITTLE REGIME OF YOURS MUST BE OVERTHROWN. AND I WILL SEE THAT IT IS.
BUT FIRST, I DEMAND THE IMMEDIATE RELEASE OF MY CAR.
THAT WAS QUITE A SPEECH, MISS.
WE WILL HAPPILY RETURN YOUR CAR, AS SOON AS YOU PAY THE APPROPRIATE FINES AND ANSWER A FEW SIMPLE QUESTIONS.

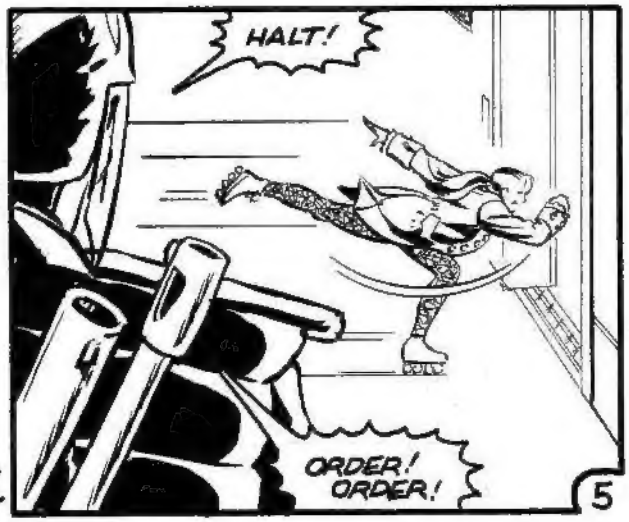
SORRY. IT'S MY POLICY...
I DON'T NEGOTIATE WITH THIEVES OR TERRORISTS.

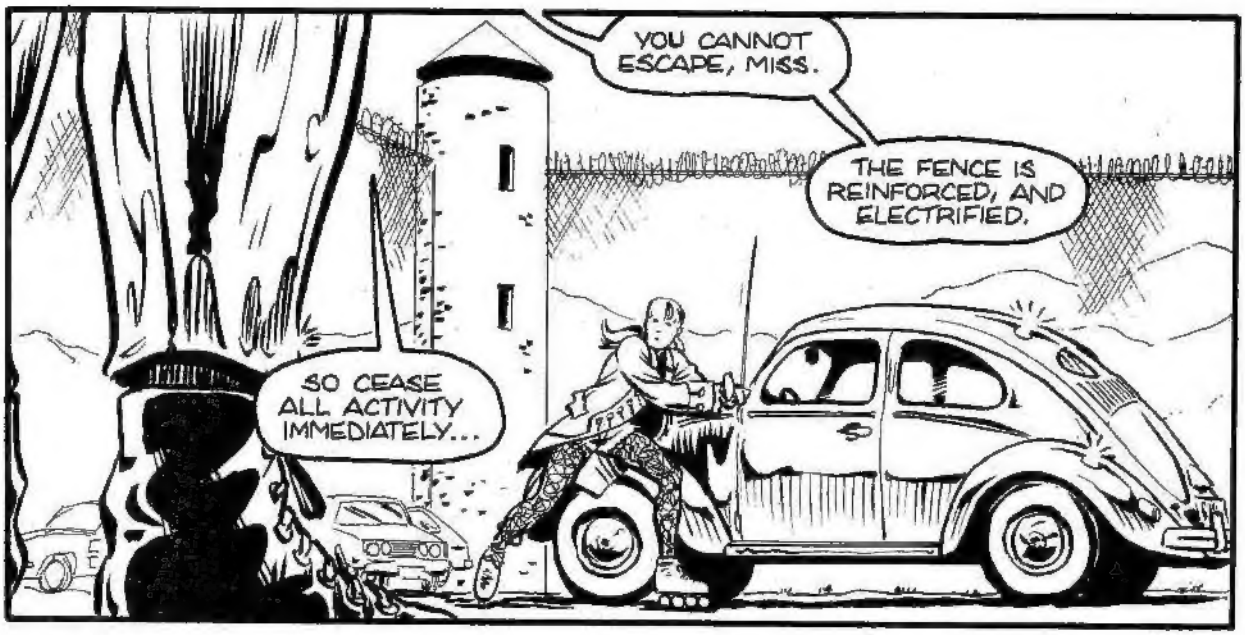
I ASSURE YOU, MISS, THESE PROCEEDINGS ARE TOTALLY LEGAL.
BY WHAT RIGHT?

"BY THIS RIGHT.
"I'M THE LAW HERE, MISS, AND I DECIDE YOUR RIGHTS."

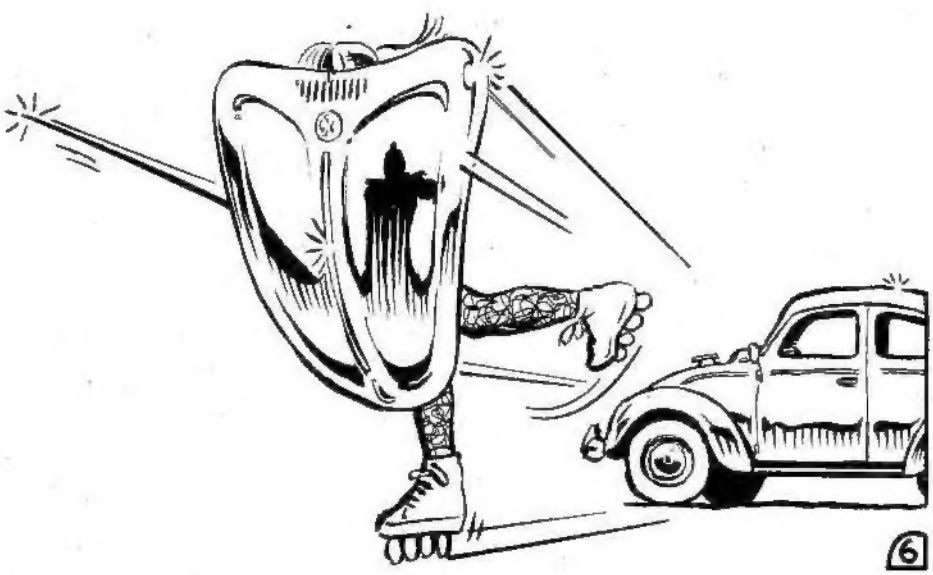
Y'KNOW, I THOUGHT YOU'D SAY THAT.


K-KLAK!


HALT!
ORDER! ORDER!


YOU CANNOT ESCAPE, MISS.
THE FENCE IS REINFORCED, AND ELECTRIFIED.
SO CEASE ALL ACTIVITY IMMEDIATELY...

...OR I'LL FIRE.



HALT!
I WARNED YOU!
BLAM BLAM
COME NO FURTHER!
PING! PANG!
THAT'S IT! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!
BLAM
FREEZE! THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING!
PING!
ZING!
STOP ALREADY!
I MEAN IT!
C'MON! CUT IT OUT!
BLAM KLIK!
YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME!
BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA.
GO AWAY!
CAMPBEL
7

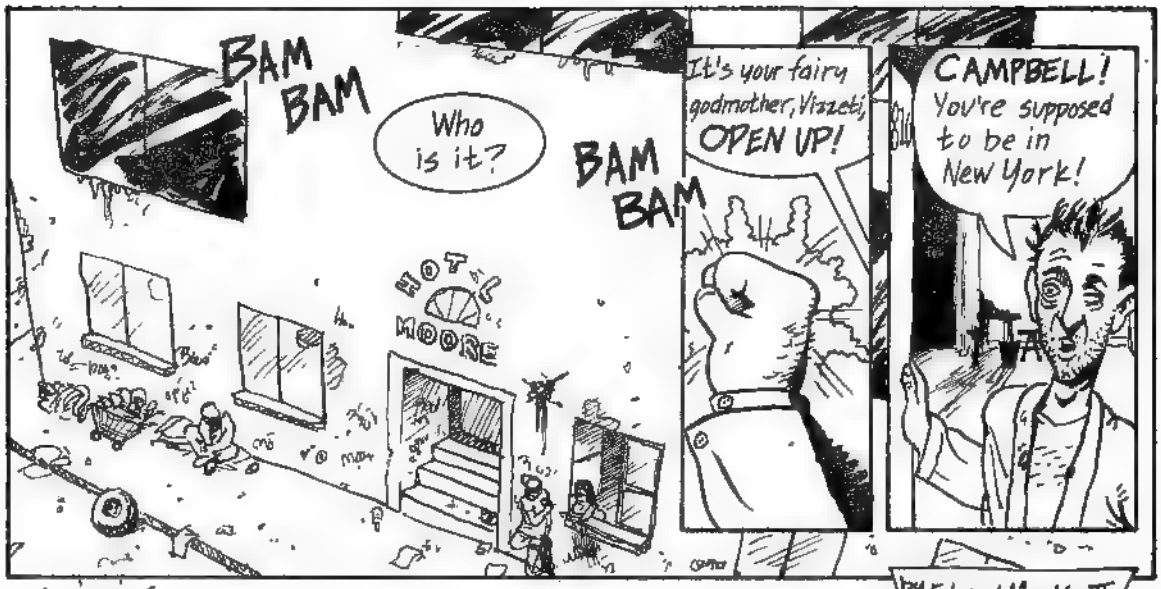
FSSSSSSS
SSSSSSS

angelus

"Decay"

story and art by lurene haines

Decay is a required condition of Life.
It invades all aspects of humanity; Virtue. Chastity. Relationships. Faith. Hope. Power. Innocence. However these forms of Decay are accepted, expected, sometimes embraced. . .
. . . but never enrouded in the very public fear that characterizes Decay of Beauty.
© 1999 LURENE HAINES
In middle age acceptance of Decay is forced. Some mourn the loss of youth, others marvel - and even delight - at the physical transition they would never have dreamt possible.
Youth lolls unafraid of Decay, reveling in supple bodies, starry-eyed with its own vitality. Other concerns take precedence.
Even in death Decay continues, and the living form struggles fearfully with this knowledge.
But it is only in Extinction that Decay is banished.
What price, oh, what price!
For without Decay, how could Life go on?
Some cry for freedom from it's hoary shackles. Some drift, by choice, in nostalgia for their youth. But they don't seem to realize, Decay is dear, Decay is valuable.



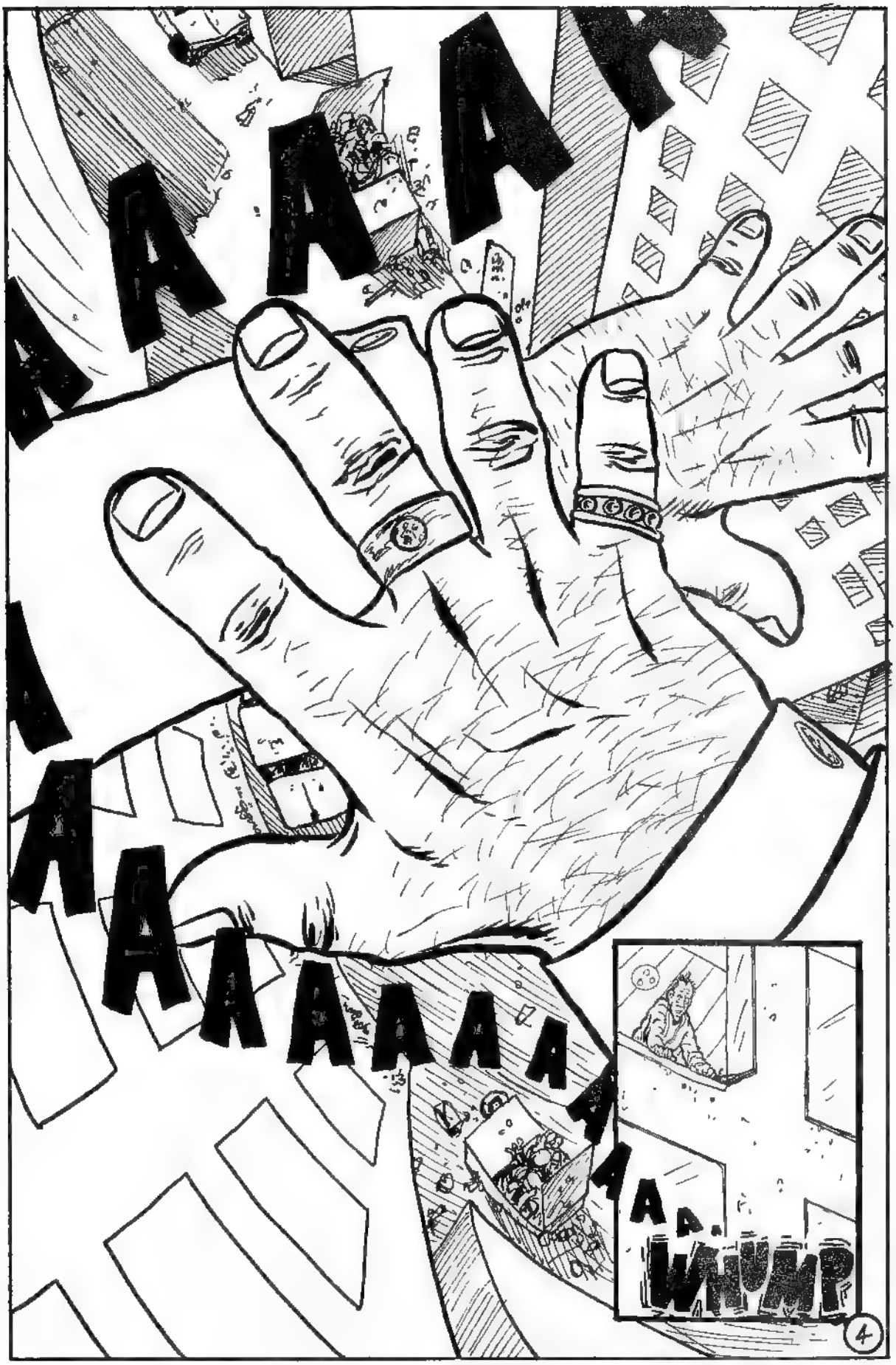
Inspiration

by Edward Martin III + Ken Meyer Jr.

How'd you find me?
By smell-
JESUS! You actually LIVE in this SHITHOLE?!
No, I just come by once in awhile to mess it up.
LOOK! What are you DOING here??
I want my article.
Ain't got it.

By that I hope you mean you already sent it.
Nope. Haven't written it yet.
RILEY MILK BREAKFRESH!
nothing?
Nothing.
JESUS VIZZETTI!
This is NO time to screw around! Pruett's gonna KILL me-now where's my damn ARTICLE?
Listen, Campbell, if it's not here-
-then it's not gonna show up there, no matter HOW bad you want it.
Don't you get it?
2

Oh, I GET IT, all right. I pay you, IN ADVANCE, SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS, and you get FUCKING WRITER'S BLOCK!
that's BULLSHIT, Vizetti - I'm not gonna LOSE MY JOB OVER-
HEY! BACK OFF!!
3


AAAA
AAAAAAAA
A.
WHUMP
4

Tak
POP
FIZZZZZ..
GulpGulpGulpG
ena

The Flaming Carroteer

by bob burden

It was springtime!

It was Springtime in Palookaville and Flaming Carrot longed to soar through the air with his amazing jet pack on his back. From the big picture window in front of the kitchen table, he looked out in the yard. The grass was growing high and needed to be cut. People had thrown bottles and other trash there during the winter and it was a mess. Also, the gutters needed cleaning and the hedges trimmed, but today Flaming Carrot was determined to fly in the sky with his jet pack. He longed to soar alongside the birds that were now heading north. To fly in and out of clouds like a dolphin romping in the surf.

To fly above and look down on the highways at people in cars. To fly over school yards where children played and pointed at the sky as he flew by.

"Surely, there must be some aerial crimes out here that would require me and my jet pack," he thought.

He picked up the phone and dialed a very secret number. The phone rang and rang and finally someone picked it up. "Yep."

Yep!" replied Flaming Carrot.

"Yep! Yep! Yep!" came the voice.

"Yep! Yup! Yop!" replied Flaming Carrot.

"Baaa...romp" came the voice.

"Zoot!" replied Flaming Carrot.

The voice on the phone now turned normal, "This is Mysterymen auxiliary operator nine at Mysterymen headquarters, how can I direct your call?"

"Secret Mysterymen auxiliary number nine at Mysterymen headquarters, this is Flaming Carrot, how are you today?"

"Fine."

"Who's the duty master? Let me speak to the duty master!"

"Well, I'm sorry, but the duty master is actually doing his duty right now, but he'll be out in a second."

"You mean, he's in the bathroom?"

"Yep. Oh, here he comes now."

In the background, Flaming Carrot could hear a toilet flushing and a door opening. "PUH!" someone said.

"Well, its not suppose to smell like roses." He heard another gruff voice reply.

The phone picked up, "Yeah?"

"Hello, Ray, is that you?" Flaming Carrot asked.

"Flaming Carrot? Hi, what can I do you for?" It was Mr. Furious.

"Hey, man! I want to know if there are any aerial crimes out there? Something I can use my jet pack with."

"Goin' to get out the ole' jet pack, huh? Well, let's see here. Let me bring it up on the screen. Umm, Cleveland's got the Luke Plummer Gang running rampant ... there's some renegade Knights of Pithias on a crime spree down in the West Virginia area ... Some of our guys just took out the Conqueror Worm down in Philly."

"Conqueror Worm, eh?"

"Yeah, it was a bad one. Cannonball Kid and the Crime Saw handled that one.... Wait a minute! Here you go'! There's some jetting juvenile jezebels been terrorizing the Shenango Valley. That's east of Youngstown, just across the border in Pennsylvania. Not too far from you, actually."

"Well, I say I hop to it right now! Said Flaming Carrot, rising in enthusiasm.

Mr. Furious explained; "You'll recognize them cause they're wearing strange mushroom-like hats and flying around in jet packs stealing things. They're dressed very sexy, high heels and all. Watch out now, 'cause they have some kind of power-blast ray guns. We had Stunt Fly working on the case, but he had to fly back to East Orange, NJ a couple of days ago. His wife hit him with a divorce."

"Too bad, that can be rough."

"Ah, he just shouldn't have married a drunk, that's what it is."

"Well, bye now. Time to go fight, kill, soar, and yell things," said Flaming Carrot, "Cheerio."

"So long, Flaming Carrot. Vaya con Dios."

Quickly, Flaming Carrot packed his stuff and strapped on the jet pack. "Oh! Oh! I almost forgot something." He ran back into the house and grabbed a set of super-villains trading cards. He ransacked through them, throwing cards into the air until he found the one with the Flying Juvenile Jezebels. Sticking them in his utility belt, he locked up the house and was off. He took three running steps and then exploded off into the sky with a giant jet fart. It was still morning and he could make the Shenango Valley before noon.

Flaming Carrot loved to fly. He was happy as a ding-a-ling. He talked to himself as he flew above the open country. No one could hear him up in the sky.

Outside of Steubenville he flew over a flooded quarry pit and fired his gun into the water

In some suburbs he saw a strange creature in someone's backyard. From a distance, it looked like some kind of monster or a man from Mars. It was a pet monkey who was in a curious mood and had got his head caught in a boot. His master was nowhere in sight. Flaming Carrot chuckled. He flew down, quieted the frantic monkey and pulled the boot off his head. The monkey came out and smiled at him, thankfully, and then tried to bite him. Flaming Carrot just flew away.

The sky was beautiful, the air fresh and brisk, and time

passed quickly. For many miles out over the plains of east Ohio he thought of nothing but roast beef.

Then, on the highway below, Flaming Carrot spotted a car broken down; a traveling saleslady, an Avon lady. He helped her fix her tire. She thanked him and then she tried to bite him too.

He flew off into the sky again. Even though the snout was just a part of his mask and he had no nerve endings there, he still didn't like to have his snout bitten. For one thing, it was humiliating and, perhaps, somewhat ridiculous.

But then he began to think; "if the poor woman really wanted to bite his snout then why not?" He considered flying back to her, but he thought about what would happen if he let her bite his snout and what it may lead to. Those traveling saleswomen can be a pretty racy bunch. Did he have time for such antics? Then he thought of the scantily clad flying girls he was pursuing and flew on.

Finally the industrial skyline of the Shenango Valley glistened before him. He landed at a Waffle House on the edge of town and went on in, ready to gobble up some nice waffles. His waffles were almost ready when an emergency radio announcer interrupted the regularly scheduled program with a bulletin. The Jetting Juvenile Jezebels had just robbed a department store payroll and were escaping in a southeasterly direction.

He was in the southwest part of town. Time to go. He might not get another opportunity for a couple of days. Flaming Carrot not only wanted to soar today, he wanted to fight, fight, fight. His waffles were just now coming up, but he would not have time to eat them. As he gathered them up, he thought about how messy it would be to put maple syrup on them! He would have to eat them plain. He put them between napkins and then an idea came to him.

"Give me a slice of that cherry pie, too." He threw down six dollars on the counter which covered the pie, the waffles, and the tip.

"What are you doing?" said the waitress, as he took the pie and put it on one of his waffles.

"I'm making a waffle pie sandwich."

"Heaven to Betsy, why, no one's every done that before," said the waitress.

"Can he do that?" asked a squinty-eyed, little old lady sitting at the counter nearby.

"I am Flaming Carrot! I can do anything!"

"Of all the nerve," she murmured.

"I go to fight crime now," he said going out the door, and off he flew with his waffle pie sandwich, slipping it under his mask periodically to take a munch. Though it was much easier to eat than waffles with syrup all over them, it was still kind of messy. After eating only half of the waffle pie sandwich, he threw it down a smokestack. Part of it hit the rim and a piece of waffle and pie clung to the edge. As he flew off, he wondered what the birds would think when they found that strange debris there.

"I bet they've never seen a waffle pie sandwich," he thought.

Then in the distance; three jet trails. Flaming Carrot saw three distant flickers of jet flame behind three black specs as they passed into a cloud.

"Yabba Dooba Doodo," said Flaming Carrot, "I'll follow them to their hideout and then capture them."

From his utility belt, he took the special spy glass binoculars. "Yes, very sexy girls. Too sexy to shoot."

He flew down to a hardware story and bought a wrench. "That's it! I'll just fly up close and hit them on the head with a wrench. 1, 2, 3. Knock them unconscious."

Shooting into overdrive he flew off after the girls. "There they are, still plugging along in the sky." As he flew closer, he removed the trading card from his utility belt, holding them out and comparing the pictures to the girls. "Yes, that's them, the same mushroom hat, high heel, sexy, sexy girls. There they go! They're flying into their headquarters," Flaming Carrot says as they disappear behind a tall building."

Flaming Carrot circled the building, looking in all the windows. "Inside there were people having business. Maybe they are ordinary business women who go out and steal things in their flying costumes on their lunch break! He thought.

Flaming Carrot, being very simple, had forgotten to think that this building might not be their headquarters at all. That they might have seen him following them, and

that this could be a trap. IT WAS A TRAP! Suddenly, they flew down from above, pouncing on him at twelve o'clock high, and firing their ray guns. A power blast knocked him against the wall of the building. Splat! Flaming Carrot was pasted against the side of the building. His jet pack had shut off.

Flaming Carrot slid down the wall like a wet washcloth thrown against it. He reached out for a window sill that slipped by him, but bounced off another window sill and starting going into a free fall.

Suddenly two of the girls came down and grabbed him by each foot. There was nothing he could do. He was aimed at the ground, and turning on the jet pack would drive him straight into the pavement below.

"Ha, ha, ha. Thought you could sneak up on us," said one girl.

"Well, we'll show you," said the other one, as they flew over a construction site next door. Stopping above a large area of muddy ground, they swing Flaming Carrot back and forth and then let go; throwing him into the mud. Giggling with glee, they fly away. Men at the construction site point and laugh. It was humiliating. Flaming Carrot got up. He didn't look much like a superhero anymore, he looked like a mud man! He'd get those girls yet, but first he had to clean the mud off. He walked over to a spigot and turned it on. Everybody was laughing. He hosed himself down.

"You guys think it's funny, don't you? Well, how 'bout this!" and he squirted the workers.

"Hey, cut it out!" they screamed.

'Ha! Ha! Ha!" shouted Flaming Carrot as he flew off into the sky. Forgetting to let go of the hose, it yanked out of his hand and fell to the ground whipping around until someone turned it off.

"There goes their jet trails. I'll get them yet." There was a long trail of clouds starting right above the girls, a big long cloud formation shaped like a croissant. Flaming Carrot decided he would fly into it, sneak around, and pounce on them from above as they flew by the other end of the cloud. Flaming Carrot did not like to fly too long through clouds. Some clouds had voices of spirits or dreams or something in them. They would grow louder as he flew through them. Perhaps it was only he who could hear them, but, whatever, he didn't like it. But he had to catch the evil girls and soon he was in open sky again. "What a slick maneuver! Here they come." he said hiding by the edge of the cloud like a cat waiting for three flying mice.

He took his wrench from his pocket and waited. He looked at the wrench for a minute and noticed that it still had the store sticker on it. While waiting, he scratched it off. Some of the sticky stuff was still there, but you couldn't read the price tag.

The girls passed right below him. He fell on them like a wild Indian, whacking the first girl perhaps a little too hard, she fell unconscious spinning from the sky. The second girl pulled her ray gun and begin firing at him. The third flew down to help her falling friend.

Dodging blasts, Flaming Carrot flew straight at the one with the ray gun. As the blasts exploded near him, he rolled with them. Finally one blast hit him head on. He somersaulted for a second and came out flying again. These ray guns are more bark than bite, thought the jet powered superhero brandishing a wrench. They were only relatively mild powered blasts; nothing as dangerous as a hand grenade or a laser beam. It was enough to disorient or even knock out an ordinary citizen, but Flaming Carrot is no ordinary person. He is a superhero!

As she reached for another clip, ejecting the first one from her power blaster, Flaming Carrot flew up on her. For a split second, her face turned around, looking over her shoulder with fear and horror and then he rammed her. They tumbled in the sky, power jets spinning, and he reached out and grabbed her. They straightened out and flew together; she was firm in his grasp. In desperation and anger, she hit him on the head with her power blaster as hard as she could. It broke, springs and screws flying everywhere. Flaming Carrot laughed. He had a thick head. Then Flaming Carrot punched her in the stomach with an uppercut that caught her in the soft underbelly knocking the wind out of her.

"Now we'll see how you like to be upside down." He flew down to a power-line and with his handcuffs he cuffed her feet together over the power-line so she hung upside down there like a side of beef. He would attend to her later.

Laughing, he flew off at the other ones that had just

landed on the ground. The girl was holding her head, lying on the ground crying. Her crying sounded weird, ghastly, almost like a retarded person. As he came up on them, her friend attending to the wounded girl looked back and spun around drawing her ray gun. Flaming Carrot was coming up and quickly kicked it up into the air. It also fell apart. They were delicate, cheap weapons really and not very effective, although they terrorized the town very much. As she rose, Flaming Carrot gave her a swift uppercut to the jaw, knocking her unconscious with one punch. She fell to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

The other girl looked up at him threatening. He looked at her face. It was scrunched up on one side, like she had a stroke or something. She had brain damage from the wrench hit. Flaming Carrot brandished the wrench and the woman shrieked, her hair stood on end and she jumped up. Looking to the sky she let out a blood curdling scream Her eyes rolled in her head like dice and the veins stood out on her neck and temples. Flaming Carrot dropped the wrench and reached out to comfort her.

Meanwhile, the other one was coming around and Flaming Carrot grabbed her and picked her up. He looked over his shoulder as the brain-damaged one ran away, hoping back and forth on each leg like she was running on stilts with her arms outstretched flaying in the air.

"The weed of crime bears wicked fruit." murmured Flaming Carrot.

The third jet bandit awoke in the nearby deserted farm house, strung up from the ceiling by rope, hanging there like a side of beef. The smelling salt from Flaming Carrot's utility belt brought her around. As she came to and became aware of her predicament, she grimaced and began kicking and spitting. A good swift punch in the stomach stopped that, and another one even harder just for good measure. Flaming Carrot pulled a heavy kitchen table over and tied her ankles to a leg of it, so she couldn't kick him anymore. Normally a super hero does not beat a helpless captive, but he still had to find out where the girls had hidden their loot.

"Now you'll tell me where you're hiding all your stolen boodle!"

"You bastard! I'll tell you nothing."

Without another word, Flaming Carrot went outside and cut himself a switch from a nearby bush, trimming it with his Swiss army knife. Returning to the room, he surveyed the helpless, pitiful criminal in front of him. A strand of hair hung over her eyes as she looked out darkly at him. Her tongue licked a bead of spit from her lip as she heard the whistle of the switch through the air and saw it in his hand. She and her two little friends had brought a reign of terror to the area, robbing and killing with impunity.

And probably just to buy pretty clothes, rock and roll records, drugs and make-up. Now that had all come to an end. Now she would pay for her crimes. Slowly he ran the switch down the curve of her back.

"You tell me! Where is the loot."

She spit again. With a sharp crack the switch fell and her body arched. He swatted her bottom and the backs of her thighs and teased her with it, but she would tell him nothing. She was smiling and apparently had become aroused by this treatment. This just wouldn't do.

In the cupboards of the farmhouse there was lots of food. Yes, that would work. He would put food on her. There was cakes and pies and cans of peaches and pudding. He covered her with it. She was a mess. Though not painful, it was humiliating and terribly messy.

"Oh, what a mess you are," he said. There was food in her hair and all over her. Pieces of toast stuck to her body. A tomato was shoved to her mouth. A carrot had been slit and put on her nose so she looked like Pinocchio. "I think I shall take a picture of you for my crime portfolio," said Flaming Carrot as he pulled his minature spy camera from his utility belt. He clicked away. She was so humiliated.

"No, please stop. You can't put food on me and then take pictures of me. What kind of officer of the law are you?"

"I am not an officer of the law. Make no mistake. I am merely an instrument of justice. The law may say that you have rights... when the law comes they will read them to you. Justice says you must be punished." His blood rose in his self-righteous indignation and he swatted her again with the switch.

"I have broken her spirit," thought Flaming Carrot. Good, good. All is good.

Soon he had brought in the other one and had broken her too and they were off to get the boodle and return what they could of it. Before he left the farmhouse, Flaming Carrot thought, "I've made a mess here. The farmer will be mad when he comes back." So he put crime scene tape all over the place and left a ten dollar bill and a note, "Sorry we made a mess. This will compensate you for your trouble. Signed, the police."

Flaming Carrot enjoyed the two girls for a couple of days and trained them well, but duty called. It would be a waste to send such ripe young vixens to prison. Stunt Fly was having a hard time of it because of his divorce. His wife had kicked him out and he was living in a motel room. He was turning into a maudlin pathetic mess, mooning over old photographs and memories. Stunt Fly was delighted when Flaming Carrot showed up with the two beautiful young girls.

"Oh, boy," said Stunt Fly, "one for you and one for me."

"No, they're both for you, "said Flaming Carrot.

"I'm done with them and they are yours now."

Stunt Fly never forgot the favor delivered by his good, fellow Mysteryman in his hour of need and still relates his crowning moment of the entire caper; the time that his wife came over unexpectedly and there he was, Stunt Fly, with two women.

"Now, I warned you," shouted Stunt Fly as she rushed crying down the steps, "I told you to call first before you came over here!!"

MR. MAMOULIAN

TOILET PAPER

22 BOLAND 9.12.87

GET OOOOFFF!
IT'S THREE-O-CLOCK IN THE MORNING! YOU SOD!
I MET A MAN IN THE TATE GALLERY. WE TALKED ABOUT SHIT AND ART. HE SHOWED ME THE FRANCIS BACONS. WE'VE BUMPED INTO EACH OTHER A FEW TIMES
ORAL MAN
HE'S AN OLD GUY. HE MUST BE FORTY AT LEAST!
IN CASE YOU JUMPED TO THE WRONG CONCLUSION!
HE'S NOT INTERESTED IN SEX OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT
HE THINKS A LOT
HE TELLS ME STUFF
HE SHOWED ME THIS POEM HE'D WRITTEN, ONCE IT WAS ABOUT THIS BOY SITTING ON A HILL. AND A HORSE A WINGED HORSE
AND A LAUGHING WOMAN. SHE WAS MAKING BREAD
IT DIDN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE
I TOLD HIM IT WOULD MAKE GOOD TOILET PAPER!
STEVE?
SHADDAP!

ALAN MOORE
LITVINOV'S BOOK
RICHARD PACE
There's a tall tale of two cities,
and its all in double-dutch
Some two-bit hustler
double-crossed the heavenly twins
One with his lily-white boys
(They're too-too and he's too soon; too much)
The other brother would have doubled up
and quit for just two pins
But with deuces wild the Jack was aced,
decked by the old one two
When he threw snake-eyes
they were holding all the cards
Down Casenova Road,
where first offenders find the second chances few

There's Bobbies bicycling
two by two towards New Scotland Yard.

As law condemns larceny,
kettles call pots
Much better than one
their crop number two heads
From the Blind Beggar,
someone receives a black spot
They say two can keep secrets
if one of them's dead.

So like two Hierophants
dispensing double visions,
double talk

The Dopplegangsters,
living by their binary code

Lead Jack Spot,
Rachmann and Lord Boothby
in a two step Lamberth Walk

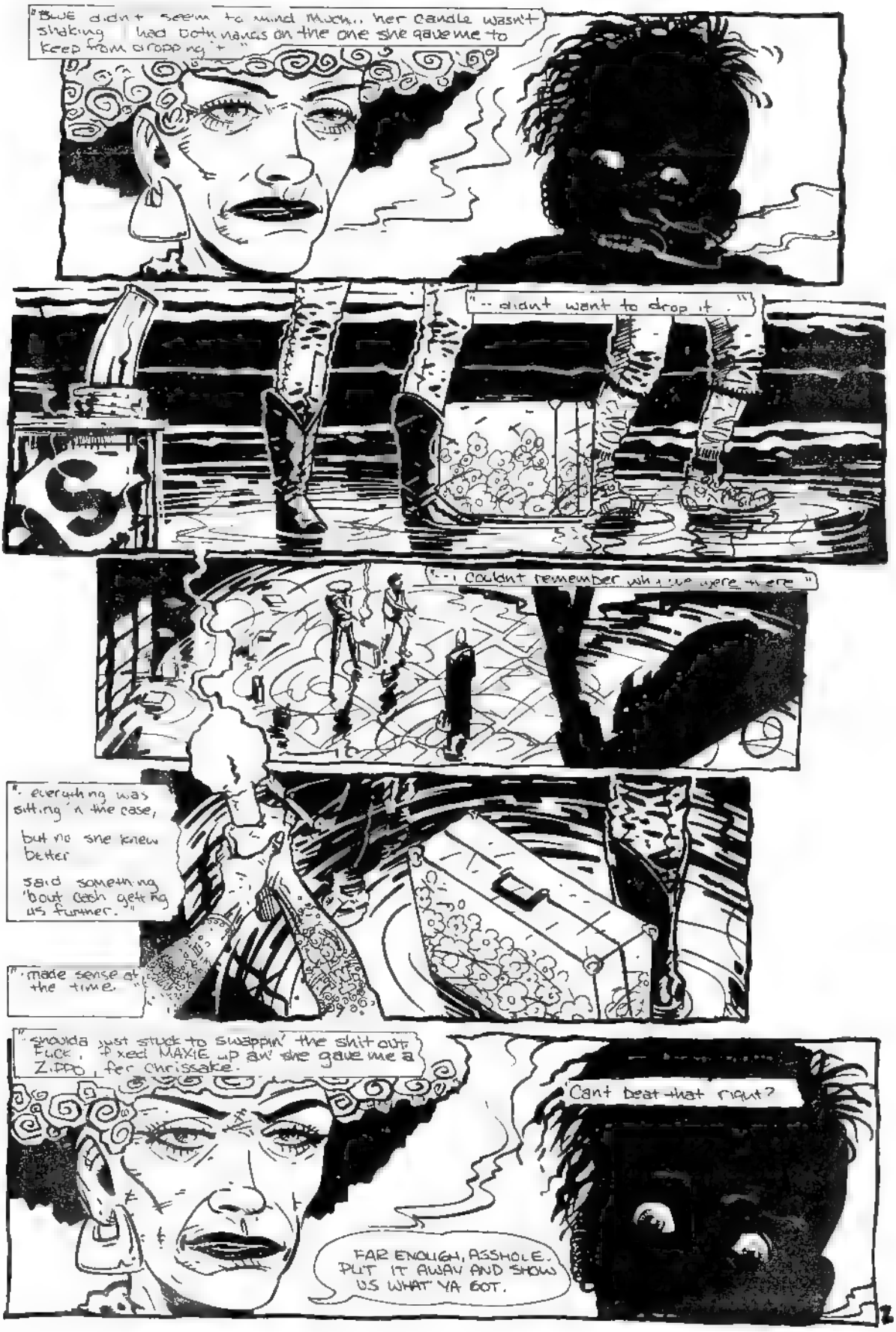
Off to a Looking-Glass House
(two up, two down) back in Vallance Road

But there's two sides to every story
and the door to every cell

Two wrongs to every right;
two backs to every beast

And now they've looked at life from both sides
it's a sentence hard to spell:
Double your money in the City,
but you'd best think twice down East
And the muscle is bunched
in the Carpenter's Arms
In their opposite corners
sit Justice and Crime
But in matters of greivance
or bodily harm
They're like peas in a pod,
or the sides of a dime.

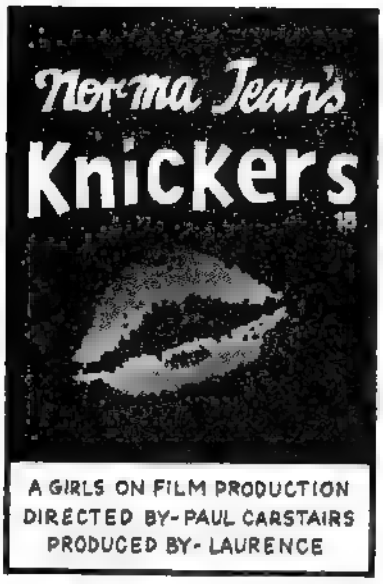
warehouse
WORDS Bill Yukich
...started to lose it...
"...it was like sniffing glue, only it kept comin' at ya' all at once--"
"...it was everywhere--"


"Blue didn't seem to mind much.. her candle wasn't shaking I had both hands on the one she gave me to keep from dropping it."
"..didn't want to drop it."
"..I couldn't remember who I was there with."
"..everything was sitting 'n the case, but no she knew better said something 'bout Gesh getting us funner."
"..made sense at the time."
"..shoulda just stuck to swappin' the shit out. Fuck, I fixed MAXIE up an' she gave me a ZIPPO, fer chrissake."
Cant beat that right?
FAR ENOUGH, ASSHOLE. PUT IT AWAY AND SHOW US WHAT YA GOT.

"--he called himself Druid.."
YOU SILLY LITTLE BITCH.
"--nobody argued with him."
IF YOU THINK FOR ONE FUCKING SECOND THAT YOU'RE WALKING OUTTA HERE WITHOUT GIVING ME WHAT'S MINE--
"--i was supposed to drop the candle if Druid pulled the trigger."
THINK AGAIN.
PAF
FAILURE
"--i was supposed to be ready to die.."
"--her's went out before she hit the ground."
"--I guess that threw me off.."
"--that-- and the blood.."

"I couldn't let go --
FAILURE
uh.. here...
"--and then it was too late.. "
"the candles were two for a dollar at Ralph's. Blue picked them up after she realized the incense was a buck seventy-nine-
"Incense probably would'a been worth it, but Blue didn't like 'Sensual Cinnamon' and the candles were cheaper.. "
FEST
".. I wanted to tell her about the ZIPPO but she didn't like me hangin' with Maxie.."
MMM
"Would've wanted to know what else Maxie gave me an' all that woman shit.
FLICK
"so I didn't say nothin'..
FUCK...
flick!
PAK

DUMB. REAL FUCKING DUMB, CRACKHEAD
ain't - no--
SKITCH
YEAH, AND THAT AIN'T A DEAD WHORE THERE EITHER, RIGHT?
TAKES A LONG TIME TO DIE WHEN YOU'VE BEEN GUT-SHOT, CRACKHEAD
THINK ABOUT IT.
KIK
-fuck --you...
druid.
SKATCH!
FWOOSH
end.


Norma Jean's
Knickers
A GIRLS ON FILM PRODUCTION
DIRECTED BY- PAUL CARSTAIRS
PRODUCED BY- LAURENCE

I know what Marilyn Monroe had berween her legs.

Well I don't 'KNOW,' know but, Y'KNOW, I've a pretty good idea.

COW. I HATE HER.

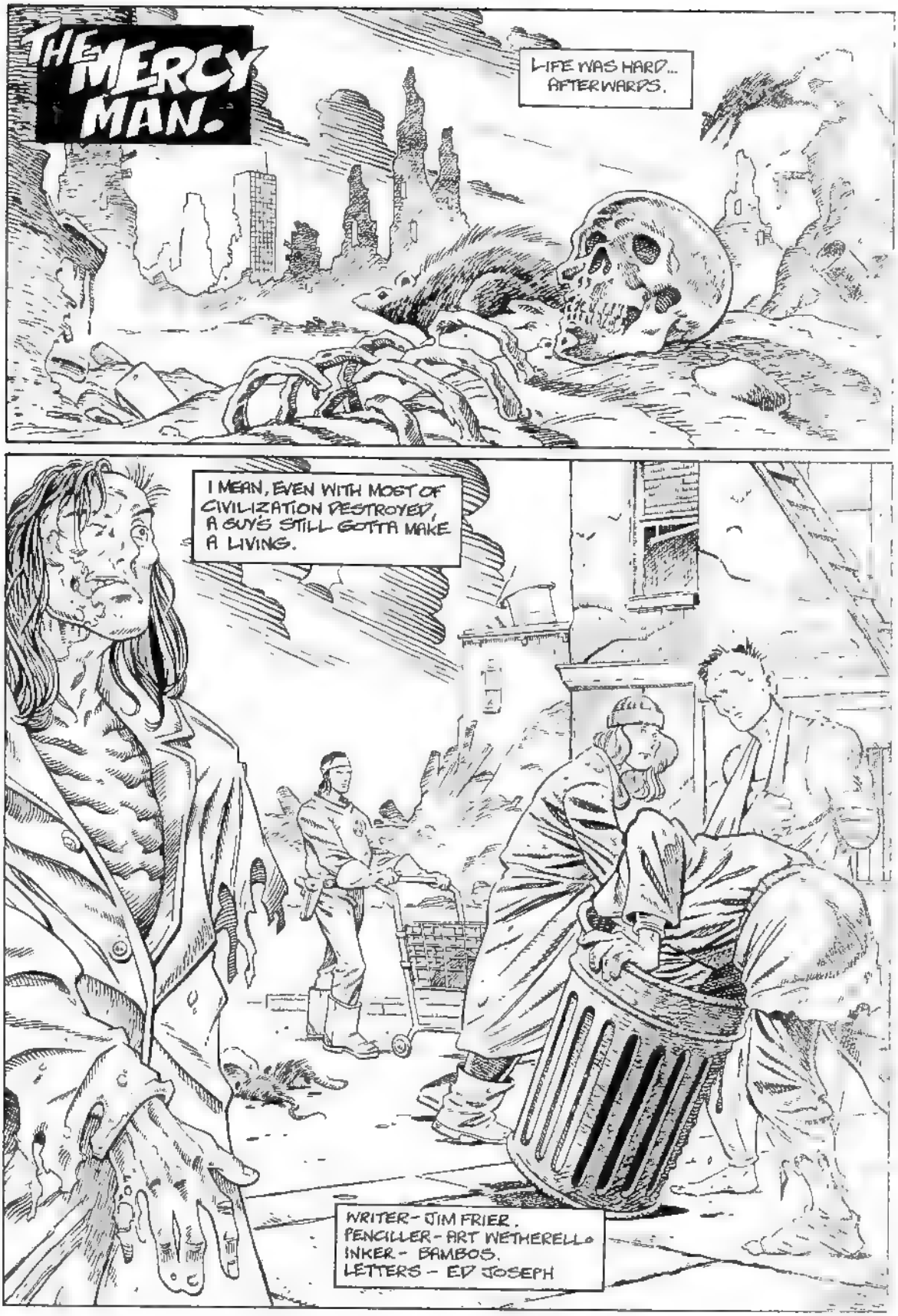
BLOODY Marilyn BLOODY Monroe.

And I hate BILLY WILDER and I hate TOMMY EWELL and I hate the 'SEVEN YEAR ITCH' and I hate EVERYTHING about it!

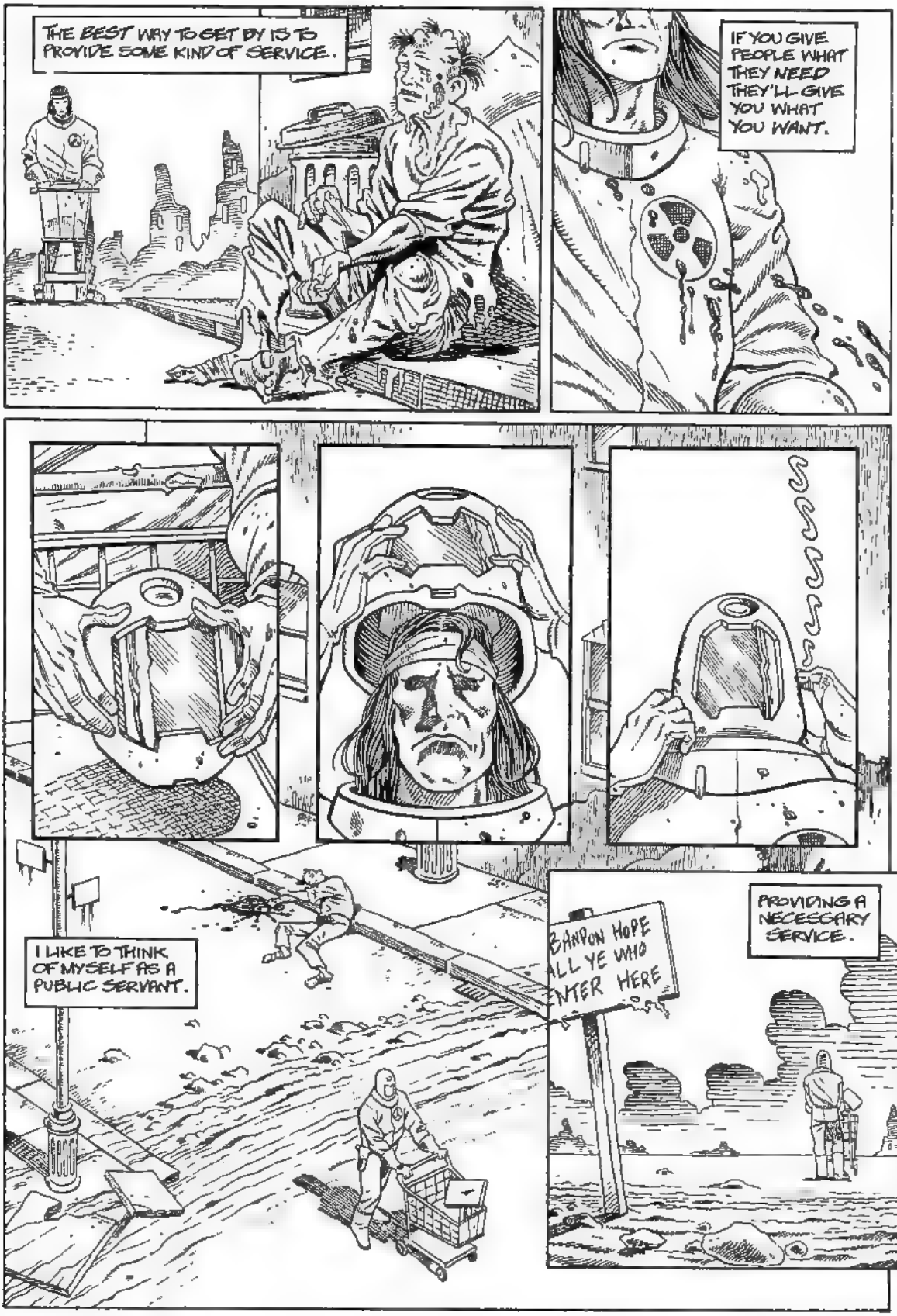
See, in the 'Seven year itch'. Marilyn does this speech about how she doesn't like the LOUD GUYS in STRIPEY VESTS who tell BAWDY JOKES and STRUT like TIGERS.
OH NO, not HER, she likes the "gentle, quiet, man, standing on his own in the corner, all nervous and shy."
"TENDER AND NICE AND SWEET THATS WHAT'S REALLY EXCITING."
THAT'S ONE - SEVENTY, THANKS LOVE.
Okey - dokey, I thought to myself, simple enough.
Shy. Quiet. Stand in the corner. Compassion not crassness. Polite gentleman not the blaring rogue. Modesty before pride. EASY. I can do all that. Just let it come naturally.

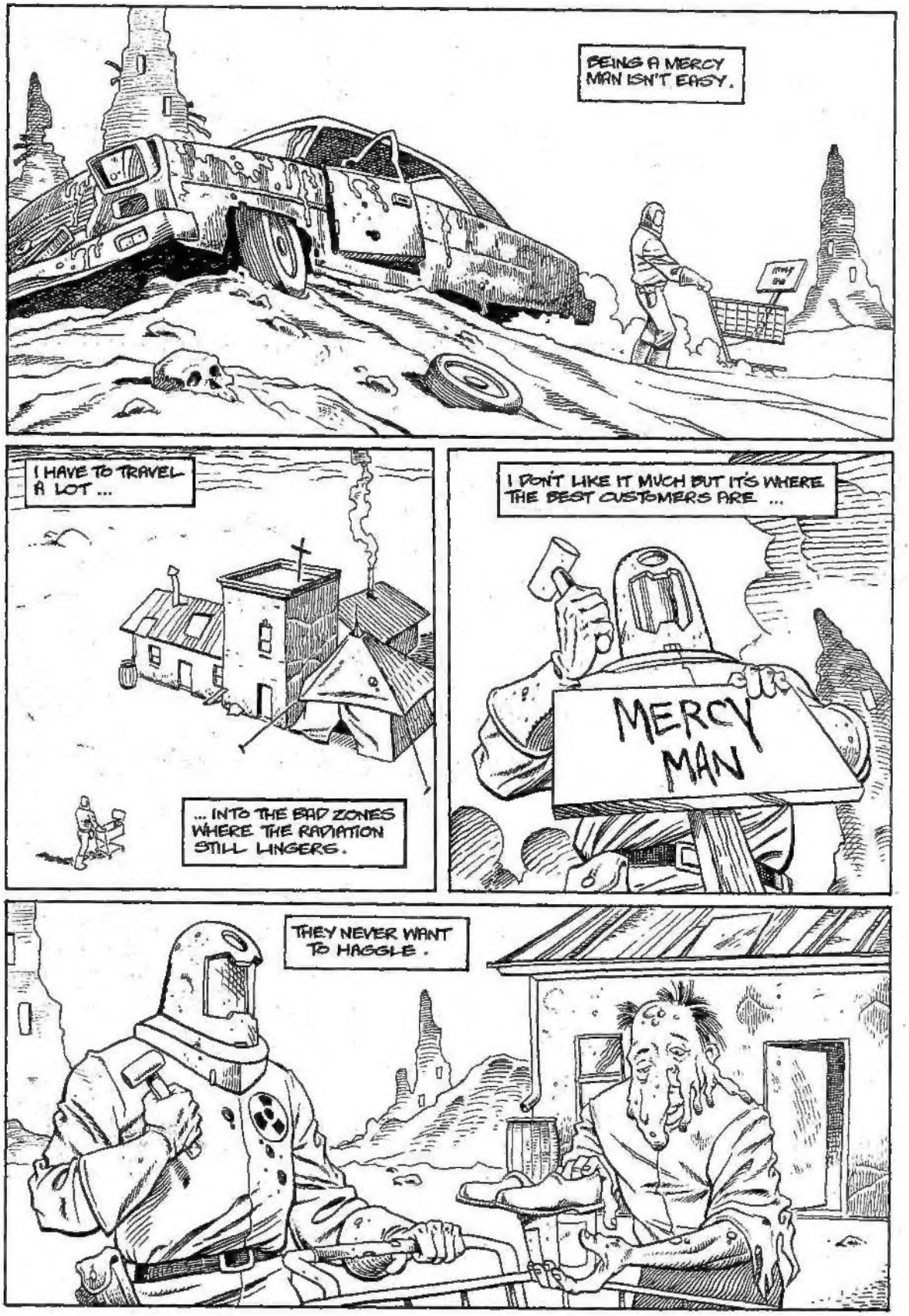
So how come, it's always THE MAN IN THE STRIPED VEST who acts like a INDUSTRIAL MAGNET to the girls ?
He's rude, he's sarcastic, he's impolite, he's not even particularly funny. Who needs wit when you have laughter so infectious it does the job for you ?
And yet they LOVE him. They fawn, They giggle. They cross and recross their legs. SEVERAL times. They even JOIN IN.
Makes sense I suppose. I mean each to his own and all that It's probably just that men in striped vests attract women in striped vests. As if were.
So where's the girl for me ? Where's my sort ? She's standing on her own, being "quiet and shy and gentle" isn't she?
BRILLIANT! I mean WHAT BLOODY GOOD'S THAT ?
We stand in our separate corners avoiding each others glance for the entire evening and end up walking home in opposite directions.
TIGER'S HEAD

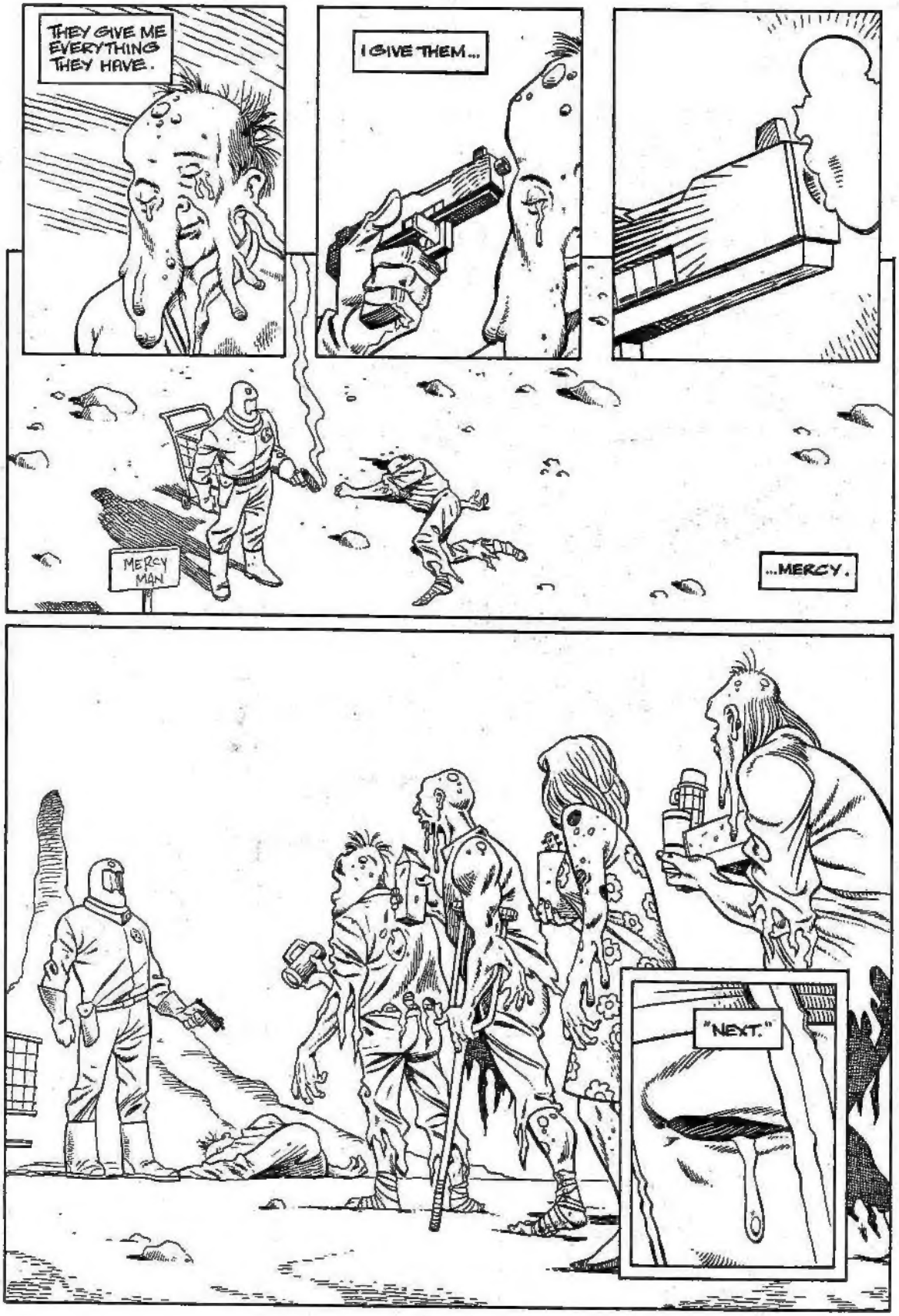
While MR AND MRS STRIPE go staggering off into the sunset all LAUGTHER and FUN and GAMES and LIFE and... and/... and STRIPES.
BLOODY MARILYN BLOODY MONROE.
They say that, being the sex goddess she was, she never wore underwear.
Well, I know different.
There was a guy who operated the fan for the famous bit in the seven year itch.
He said that she had nothing on. But then he would, wouldn't he?
LIAR, LIAR, PANT'S ON FIRE.
I KNOW she wore UNDIES. she just kept it SECRET all the time.
I Know EXACTLY WHAT SORT OF DESIGN they were too.
WHAT A LYING COW.
BLOODY Marilyn BLOODY Monroe.


THE MERCY MAN.
LIFE WAS HARD... AFTERWARDS.
I MEAN, EVEN WITH MOST OF CIVILIZATION DESTROYED, A GUY'S STILL GOTTA MAKE A LIVING.
WRITER - JIM FRIER.
PENCILLER - ART WETHERELL.
INKER - BAMBOS.
LETTERS - ED JOSEPH

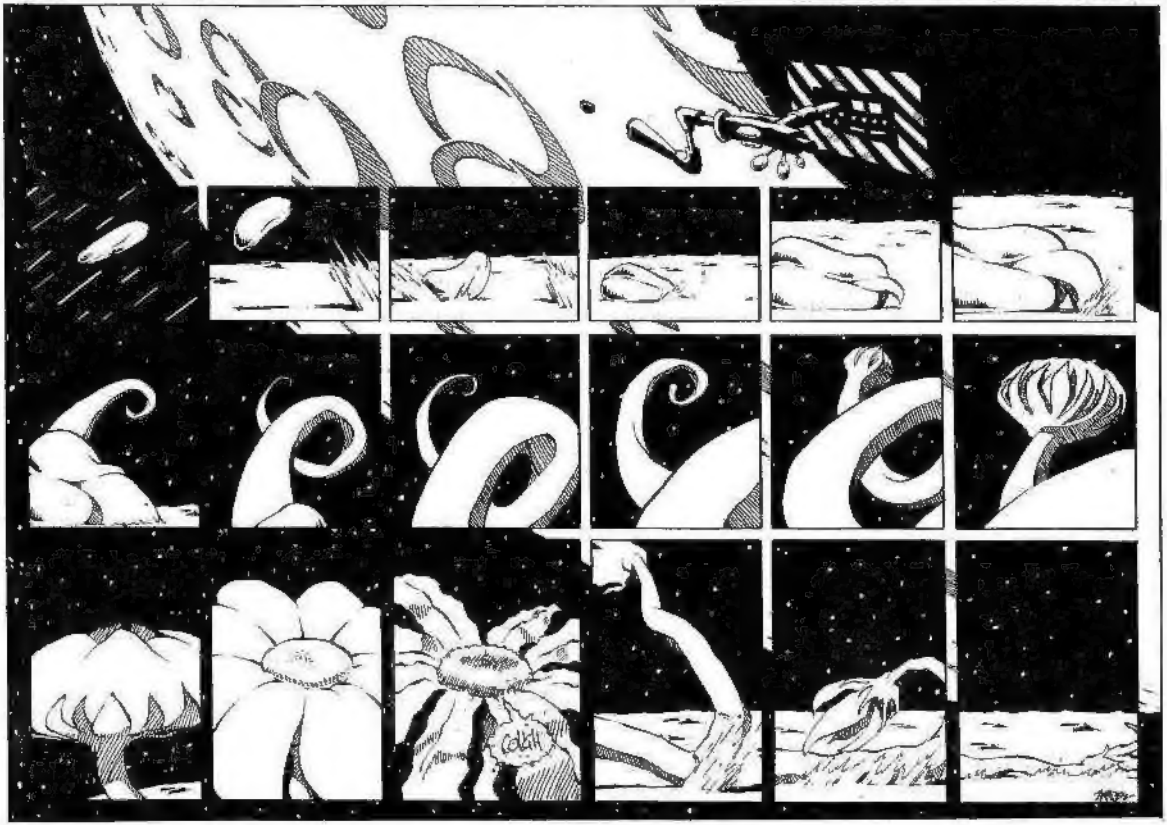
IT HELPS TO BE ORIGINAL ...
A LOT OF FOLKS WENT INTO THE RAT CATCHING GAME.
IT'S STEADY WORK ...
BUT IT'S JUST NOT FOR ME.
I WOULDN'T WANT TO HAGGLE WITH A GUY WHO'LL EAT A RAT.
FRESH MEAT


THE BEST WAY TO GET BY IS TO PROVIDE SOME KIND OF SERVICE.
IF YOU GIVE PEOPLE WHAT THEY NEED THEY'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT.
SSSSSS
I LIKE TO THINK OF MYSELF AS A PUBLIC SERVANT.
BANDON HOPE
LL YE WHO
NTER HERE
PROVIDING A NECESSARY SERVICE.


BEING A MERCY MAN ISN'T EASY.
I HAVE TO TRAVEL A LOT ...
... INTO THE BAD ZONES WHERE THE RADIATION STILL LINGERS.
I DON'T LIKE IT MUCH BUT IT'S WHERE THE BEST CUSTOMERS ARE ...
MERCY MAN
THEY NEVER WANT TO HAGGLE.


THEY GIVE ME EVERYTHING THEY HAVE.
I GIVE THEM...
MERCY MAN
...MERCY.
"NEXT."

the first flower on the moon



letters

P.O.Box 893
Acworth, GA 30101

Keith Darrell
ComicScource Inc.
73 S. Federal Highway
Boca Raton, FL 33432
Dear Joe,

A recent letter to NEGATIVE BURN indicated that we had gone out of business. As Florida's largest comic book store devoted to alternative publishers, let me assure you and your readers that we are still very much alive and kicking. It's true, we did relocate to a larger store several doors down in the same building, but we did this only to expand the variety of books we could offer our customers.

We now have nearly 2,000 square feet in the heart of downtown Boca Raton, across from the site of the soon-to-be-built International Museum of Cartoon Art. We are proud of the fact that ComicSource provides a unique outlet to expose tourists, as well as residents, to all varieties of comic book art, from ARCHIE to SPAWN, to LOVE AND ROCKETS, to RENFIELD.

For years, fans have complained that comic book stores refuse to stock and promote independent comics. Independent publishers have said that fans would buy their comics, if only they knew where to find them. They've said new readers would enjoy their comics if only they were made aware of them. There's more to life than Marvel, DC, Image, and Valiant, they said.

ComicSource represents a new concept in comic book stores. ComicSource specializes in stocking and promoting hard-to-find independents. We give equal rack space to all publishers. Sure, we have SPIDERMAN and BATMAN—but we also carry titles like SOULSEARCHERS & CO., NEGATIVE BURN, WINDOWS, WANDERING STAR, BONE, ASYLUM, SHANDA THE PANDA, PAUL THE SAMURAI, EVIL ERNIE, STRANGERS IN PARADISE, ZEN INTERGALACTIC NINJA, and BUZZARD, just to name a few. And naturally, ComicSource is the place to in South Florida when you want Caliber Press comics!

Thanks for the letter, Keith. The store certainly sounds like it would be worth checking out! If I'm ever in the south Florida area I'll be sure to drop on by. As a matter of fact, if the tour I plan on doing in 1995 makes it down to Florida I'll give you guys a call and try to arrange a store sign-

Robert S. Cook
1724 Hillcrest Dr.
Wilson, NC 27893-2728
Greetings Joe,

I recently picked-up a copy of NEGATIVE BURN #13 which featured two local talents, Jeff Parker (SOLITAIRE, VAMPIRELLA, & WONDER WOMAN) and Craig Gilmore (MORBIUS). But the story that caught my attention and blew me away was KILROY IS HERE! Brilliant ... I love this character. The detail in the artwork was fantastic! I saw PREVIEWS list the new KILROY series and it's on order, along with KABUKI #1.

Thank you for breathing new life into this overly-produced hobby. It seems the larger two companies have come close to killing what they helped create. Thanks for caring enough to start a smaller company that believes in quality stories and superb artists, who without your publication may never had the chance to break into the field.

Glad you liked my KILROY IS HERE story so much, Robert. Gosh, I'm blushing. The one-shot you noticed in PREVIEWS, KILROY IS HERE: REVELATIONS, will be out in December. In January, you can find KILROY: THE SHORT STORIES, which will collect all the Kilroy appearances in NEGATIVE BURN and the HIGH CALIBER graphic novel. I'm also happy to announce that starting April will be the ongoing KILROY IS HERE series. It will be a bi-monthly series and will feature Ken Meyer Jr. on art and yours truly on script.

Andreas Koerver
Wofstr. 41
53111 Bonn
Germany
Dear Joe,

Through the months, NEGATIVE BURN is getting better and better. You're doing a very good editor job, and you're a solid writer, too, as the KILROY stories prove. Of course I picked it up, because I like Alan Moore's writing. And I wasn't disappointed to find the company of Hester and Bolland. You gave them a forum for their uncommon artwork, these selections of shorts no one else did publish, and managed to fill the issues with solid newcomers as Bendis, the Moore's, Meyer Jr., and Wheeler next to some well-known contributors as Pope, Nicholson, and Gilbert.

I liked the larger format of #13 and would welcome an issue like that from time to time. I would like to see some more painted artwork in the tradition of McKean, Muth, or Bolton (as the Wayne Vansant short). I would like to see some stories of George Carlson. I would like to see a Gaiman/Bilal collaboration. End of list of things desired.

I expect EXIT to be nominated for the Eisner Award for Best Short Story. Who is Nabiel Kanan?

Time to say bye and thanks.

Keep up the excellent work.

You'll be happy to know that I plan on having a 64-page spectacular for each of our anniversary issues every year. I'm already lining up next summer's creators and I actually think it'll be better than this past years, which is going out on a limb.

EXIT was a self-published comic by British creator Nabiel Kanan that has recently gone on hiatus. I'm happy to announce that Nabiel will be continuing EXIT with Caliber (with me as the editor) starting in the summer of 1995.